

Our Religious Column. Our Ladies' Column.

EXODUS

Woe is this house! it is sprinkled, red oozed by the sun's down, It has seen the blood of Jesus, No man can live who has seen God of old brought forth His people From the bondage where they grieved; Brought me forth to be His own.

God of old led us His people, We followed at His right hand, Still He led us through the desert, Clove by clove, and touch by might, God of old was led, And we were led, And we were led, Now beyond the grave I leave Him, There is no more death for us.

God of old brought forth His people, The world's people, too, And we have left them, And we are led, And we are led.

MOTHERS' KISS.

George wanted to go some where, and his mother was not willing. He tried to argue the matter. When that would not do he spoke roughly, and went off, slaming the door behind him.

Instead of saying, "I should really like to go, but if you cannot give your consent, dear mother, I will try to do my best to be content to stay"—instead of saying and feeling so he behaved in the way he was described, just as two men do—George, a poor boy, and with fourteen years' experience of one of the best of mothers, one would have thought better of him. But he was a boy. What can you expect of boys? So say some people.

Stop, hear more. That night George found his pillow in his pocket. He could not fix it any way to go to sleep on. He turned and tossed, and he shook and patted it, but not a wisp of sleep for him. The thorns kept pricking. They were the angry words he spoke to his mother. "My dear mother, who deserves nothing but kindness and love and obedience from me," he said to himself, "she never does enough for her son; yet how hard I have had to work for my boy!" How she must have thought that fever.

He would ask her to forgive him in the morning. But suppose something. He would ask her now—to-night—this moment. George crept out of bed and went softly to his mother's room.

"George," she said, "is that you?"

"Are you sick?" for mothers, you know, seem to sleep with one ear and eye open, especially when the fathers are away, as George's father was.

"Dear mother," he said, kneeling at the bedside, "I could not sleep for thinking of my rude words to you. Forgive me, mother, my dear mother, and may God help me never to have another such fit."

He crept to the pointed bay in her arms and kissed his warm cheek. George is a big man now, but he says that kiss was the sweetest moment of his life. His strong healthy impetuous nature became tempered by a gentleness of spirit. It softened his roughness, sweetened his temper, and helped him on to true and Christian manhood.

Boys are sometimes ashamed to act out their best feelings. Oh, if they only knew what a loss it is to them not to be like *Men of Mystery*.

LUCK AND LABOR.

Last week two boys left their country homes to seek their fortunes in the city.

"I can see what luck will do for me," said one.

"I shall see what labor will do for me," cried the other.

Which is the better to depend upon, luck or labor? Let us see.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has been wishing.

Labor jumps up at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence.

Luck is always waiting for some thing to turn up.

Labor will turn up something.

Luck has